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BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURGH,

WITH

Reminiscences of the Campaign,

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES, DEBATES, ETC.

BY JAMES R. BURNS.



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DEDICATION.

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What, dear reader, would you have me do?  
Would'st thou that I should dedicate this book to you?  
Or is thy conscience with treason rife,  
That thou should'st take a part in this unholy strife?  
For, if this thy foul intention be,  
I will not, must not, dedicate this book to thee.  
But if thou'rt of a different mind,  
And thy heart to treason has not been inclined—  
Then I with true patriotic fire,  
Nor kindled by a fantastic vain desire,  
Do, in honor of the brave and true,  
Dedicate this book to you.

THE AUTHOR.





## INTRODUCTION.

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DEAR READER :

In order to give you an account of the battle of Williamsburg, that you may become more fully informed of the occurrences and particulars of that bloody fight, I have compiled this work.

It was there I lost my right arm, and received a wound in my left leg, which have crippled me for life ; for these reasons I have taken a more special interest in its preparation.

Before going into action, our regiment (the Seventy-fourth New-York) halted on the road about two hundred yards from the field of battle. While doing this, I availed myself of the favorable opportunity to make a cup of tea and lunch before entering among rebel bullets. I made a fire on the side of the road, took some water from a pool

adjoining, and made as good a cup of tea as any soldier need desire. When I got through drinking it, the order was given to fall in, and prepare for the contest. We marched on the field amid a shower of bullets from the enemy, and made all haste to return the compliment, because we were well aware that it had been sent with a good intention. We fought well and bravely against great odds; never did troops fight better than ours on that long-to-be-remembered fifth of May. I say ours, because I am confident that the brigade to which I belonged did its duty. In the evening, your humble servant was wounded, and threw himself down between two trees. In a few moments my comrades got the command—Retreat; they then retreated about fifty yards from their former position. In short, I was in the company of rebels, who, when they saw that I

was wounded, gave me water to drink ; a kindness not expected from rebel hands. One young man asked me to what regiment I belonged, and when I told him to the Seventy-fourth New York, he immediately said : " That is the Sickles Brigade." Then this sympathizing rebel said : " Young man, I pity your condition, but we must fight ; this is a cruel war, and I have two hundred dollars in my possession, and would willingly give that sum, as my share, to put an end to this bloodshed, but allow me to say that you are fighting in a bad cause." One of his comrades, a big, burly rebel, asked why I fought against them, or if I was fighting for niggers. I answered : " To preserve the Union, and for no other purpose have any of our men enlisted." He immediately retorted with the answer : " We'll preserve the Union for you."

These men belonged to the Fifth North Carolina regiment. Shortly after, another rebel came up, whom I asked for a drink ; he told me he had nothing but molasses, but would give me some of that. So he put his canteen to my mouth, and I drank of the sweet beverage nearly a pint. About nightfall a rebel came to me and had the assurance to ask if my watch was a good timekeeper, he having seen the chain hanging from my pocket. I told him it was not a bad one. He said that he would take it and send an ambulance to convey me to the hospital. I replied that I did not wish him to have it, as it was a memento of my father. This specimen of Southern Chivalry, having a peculiar fancy for such a precious article, seized his prize and bounded away to the tune of "Dixie."

Yours truly.

## REMINISCENCES.

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WHILE the Excelsior Brigade was encamped within two miles of Port Tobacco, Maryland, and near the Potomac, several slaves had deserted from their masters, and would have come into our lines, if we had assured them protection. Orders were often issued prohibiting them from entering camp, and they were not unfrequently seized and sent back to their brutal masters, to be tortured by them even unto death; and as an illustration :

While the regiment to which I then belonged was leaving Port Tobacco for Liverpool Point, some slave owners came along scanning the men in each company to try and find out the slaves whom they had lost. One of them, whose name was Cox, came forward and made an attempt to rescue his man Jack, from the company of which I was a member. This man had obtained some valuable information while in the ser-

vice of his master, and had imparted this to our officers, who sent immediately an escort of men with him to make some captures. Jack proved, however, being an intelligent negro, to carry out successfully the plan which he had formed. It resulted in the capture of a very handsome secesh flag which his young mistress had so tastefully prepared for her friends in Dixie. Also a number of ball cartridges, percussion caps, fire-arms to the number of sixty, and some highly finished swords, which the owner had carefully sharpened to amputate the heads of "Yankee Mudsills." For the non-accomplishment of this treachery by his master, Jack had become the victim, and it was deemed expedient, for the sake of the Southern cause, to have him arrested. To accomplish this, his master, in company with another, rode up the second time, seized his man, and was about to give him a sound whipping, were he not prevented by our men, who had, in lieu of the service rendered, taken Jack under their protection.

Mr. Cox, or Capt., as he was then called, being in command of a company of Virginians, had determined, in some manner, to obtain his man, and he, by bribes and promises to some of our officers, succeeded in having him given up. This was done very secretly, and to carry out the plan, our captain, who had imbibed rather freely of the juice of the grape through the good-naturedness of his friend, Mr. Cox, sent two men, with their black charge, back to Port Tobacco, there to be tried and condemned by a court of slave-owners.

The result was as expected; poor Jack, convicted, tied to a tree, and when in that position, was lacerated by his brutal master until life had left its time-worn frame. I will here mention that he was above fifty years old, and had been in the employ of his master for twenty years.

Having arrived at Liverpool Point, we are about to select a suitable spot where we may pitch our tents and look across the sparkling waters of the Potomac, into the promised sacred soil of Virginia.

On the 9th of March, the rebels evacuated this point, burning up their camps, and leaving nothing but a heap of ruins, it was reported that they were going to reinforce Fredericksburg and Yorktown, which proved to be true.

On Sunday, the 6th of April, our regiment took leave of Camp Magaw, Liverpool Point. This camp was called after a captain of the same name, who then had command of the fleet on the river. We remained on board for three successive days, owing to some difficulty with our general in Washington.

It was reported that he had lost command, and that Colonel Taylor, of the 3d Excelsior, had superseded him. The difficulty, however, being settled, General Sickles resumed his office. He is a brave soldier, and we would be sorry to lose him. He conducted us into Virginia with a coolness and courage rarely exhibited by any other. See him leading on his brave little band of fourteen hundred men to Stafford Court House, capturing that place, together with a number of com



missary stores. I will not enter into a detail of the articles taken ; it may suffice to know that we partook of a sumptuous repast when we had taken the town. I must not omit to mention the capture of forty horses.

The rebels were panic-stricken, and entirely taken by surprise, for a regiment of infantry and six hundred cavalry left the town as soon as our advance-guard entered it, firing a few rounds of cartridges at our men, but with little effect. They then retreated to Fredericksburg, which is about seven miles from Stafford Court House. The force in Fredericksburg, at that time, was said to be ten thousand ; and if we had proceeded thither, we might have captured it also, for the rebels, as we afterwards learned, thought the Army of the Potomac was advancing by that route towards Richmond. It was rumored that they fled from Fredericksburg also, but returned when the news reached them that our force was inferior to theirs. The fences on both sides of the road were covered with cowhides, plain-

ly showing, that secesh were great lovers of the flesh of that useful animal. It would be unnecessary to relate all the incidents connected with the expedition, since they bear no relation to the account of Williamsburg; but I shall proceed to relate part of the voyage from Liverpool Point to where we landed, which was Ship Point, Virginia.

We sailed down by Mathias Point, a place of some importance in the history of this present war, for it was there our regiment first learned the art of war. There the regiment first unfolded its Starry Banner on Virginia's sacred soil. There are not many places worthy of note till we come to Fortress Monroe. When we arrived there, we cast anchor, and remained for about three hours, and saw the Monitor, or Yankee Cheesebox, as it is called. But what is that huge monster in the distance? It is the Merrimac, which has come out with four other iron clad vessels. Now there is a large fleet in port, mostly composed of wooden vessels, and the iron clads would, no doubt, destroy them, if the Merrimac

could only force the Monitor to give battle, and from under the guns of the fort. Lieutenant Worden, then acting master of the Monitor, calls all hands to their posts. Now the steam-pipe is lowered, the deck is greased, the guns are manned, and all are ready for action. The Cheesebox, being thus ready, got up steam and went down to meet the monster and protect the shipping, but not before the Merrimac had taken two of our schooners and towed them off to Norfolk, "a nice prize for secesh."

We started from the fort at 2 P.M., having received orders to go to Ship Point. The latter place was formerly occupied by the rebels, but when we landed, the brave Sixty-ninth was there, together with other regiments. We staid at this place for one night, and next morning moved three miles farther up, encamped five days, and left on the 18th for Yorktown, where we arrived the same day, and encamped on the ground where General Washington planned the siege of that ancient town during the Revolution. It was this town that Cornwallis

surrendered to our noble Father and Patriot, Washington! It is a place full of interest to every American. We were then in sight of the enemy's works, and occasionally we would hear a shell whizzing over our heads, an iron messenger from the enemy. There was a continued fire kept up from both sides, the enemy's pickets and ours being in close proximity and exchanging shots. Night after night we were called out of our beds to throw up intrenchments, as we could not work much in the day time for fear of being seen by the rebels from their batteries.

We had a large balloon in camp, and every day, General McClellan, with Professor Lowe, made an ascension to reconnoitre the enemy's works. The rebels, at this time, made several attempts to strike the old Saw Mill. This mill formerly belonged to them, but fell into our hands after they were driven inside the fortifications of Yorktown. We put it to good use in sawing up planks to build batteries.

Look around, and you see the direful

effects this war has produced ; devastation on every side ; houses deserted by their occupants and in ruins, although the apple and peach trees are in full bloom, producing a striking contrast with the scenes around. Still, Nature spreads its halo of brightness around that memorable spot. On the morning of the 1st of May, while our regiment was doing picket duty, the rebels fired shot and shell into our midst so thickly that we thought there was going to be a general onset. We had to lie down all night for fear the rebels would find out our lurking places ; but their pickets kept just as much concealed as ours.

About three o'clock in the morning, they opened fire into the woods where we were concealed, thinking they would find out our position. They were not unsuccessful, for another regiment, on the right of ours, returned the fire, thereby disclosing our place of ambush. When the rebels saw the fire of our men, they immediately opened a terrific fire on us from their batteries, with little loss save among the trees. The firing

was kept up nearly the whole day, but with no injury to us.

Yorktown is a place of great strength, and the rebels are of the opinion that if it had not been for our gunboats they would never have evacuated it.

Truly yours.

## THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

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THE Battle of Williamsburgh, which occurred on Monday, the fifth of May, 1862, was one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war. On the morning of the fourth, the rebels opened a terrific cannonade from their batteries, when they retreated under cover of them from Yorktown to Williamsburgh.

The silence which had so long reigned throughout the camps, at once broke out into mirth and revelry, and all were anxious to get a proper view of that almost impregnable defense; many had left their camps to behold the long expected prize.

Drums beat their old familiar tunes, bands played, trumpets sounded, all was bustle and excitement. Cavalry and infantry were drawn up in line of battle in front of Yorktown, their bayonets and sabres glistening in the sun. The gunboats in front of the beleaguered city weighed anchor, all, and

everything seemed to be in motion, rendering, to those who beheld it, a most magnificent scene. That morning the Star Spangled Banner waved in defiance over the stronghold of the enemy, amid loud and enthusiastic cheers from the men that were drawn up in line of battle. In about two hours afterwards, an order came from headquarters to march and pursue the retreating rebels. We struck tents, packed knapsacks, and started in pursuit over a rough and dangerous road to Williamsburgh. I say rough, because of the torpedos which were placed in the road to obstruct our march. On we went, however, taking care that we did not step on those instruments of death, which rebel hands had placed in the road.

We marched twelve miles that day, and when night overtook us, we found that our regiment (the Seventy-fourth) had marched three miles out of its right course, and, as soon as our colonel found that we were on the wrong road, he gave the command, "Right about." Turning, we marched on in another direction during a heavy rain



storm. When we had proceeded about two miles, we entered the woods. It was about midnight, and a portion of the regiment threw themselves into the arms of Morpheus, while others built fires to warm themselves and dry their wet clothing.

The troops were stationed that night in the following order: General Hooker's division in front of the enemy's centre, near Williamsburgh; Gen. Smith's division and General Stoneman, with the advance Cavalry and Artillery, on the right wing; the divisions of Generals Kearney and Couch had halted in the rear, while other divisions occupied the positions assigned them by the general commanding. It was a fearful night, and our position a strange and eventful one. The roads were in a dreadful muddy condition. The troops had had a difficult march, and there, at night, without shelter from the rain, which was falling fast, without food or nourishment, they all, officers and men, reposed as best they could on the wet ground and among the forest trees. On the morning of the fifth, the march was resumed, and

by six o'clock, General Grover's brigade, which led the advance of General Hooker's division, arrived within sight of the enemy's works. Fort Magruder, a very strong position, and in front of which timber was felled, as well to obstruct our march as to give free range to the rebel artillery. The open space in front of the fort was filled with rifle pits; yonder, in the distance, is the ancient and beautiful town of Williamsburgh, where, among other objects of interest, is situated the well-known college of William and Mary, which Virginians regard with so much love and veneration.

The principal road runs through the town, and it was over this that the whole rebel army was retreating. The enemy's rear-guard had evidently determined to make a temporary stand at Williamsburgh, in order to successfully cover the retreat of their retiring columns and save the baggage of his army. On the other hand, we were determined to press their rear so as to render their flight both difficult and dangerous.

In accordance with instructions from the

commander of the corps, General Hooker's division first engaged the enemy. At half past seven o'clock in the morning, General Grover's brigade opened the attack. A portion of the First Massachusetts regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, were deployed as skirmishers to the front and left of the Hampton road, the remainder of the regiment being held in reserve under Colonel Cowden. Two companies of the Second New Hampshire, under Colonel Marston, were ordered to clear the edge of the timber, with instructions to pick off the enemy's sharpshooters and artillerists, while the other companies remained in the rear. Subsequently, the Eleventh Massachusetts, Col. Blaisdell, and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Col. Small, were placed in the same manner on the right of the Second New Hampshire, which was deployed as skirmishers. Early in the morning, Col. Small was wounded in the leg. Capt. Weber's battery of artillery was sent in advance of the fallen timber, and about seven or eight hundred yards from Fort Magruder. At this

moment, a terrific fire was opened from four guns in the fort and two in one of the redoubts to the left, and before our battery had been placed in position, several of our men, including two officers, had been stricken to the ground by the fire of the enemy. The drivers of the limbers could not stand the fire, and retired to the rear. Major Wainright, commanding the artillery in the division, immediately galloped to the rear, and called for volunteers from Capt. Osborne's First New York battery, while, in the meantime, Capt. Weber succeeded in rallying quite a number of his own men. With great alacrity the volunteers from the other batteries came forward. Thus, the four guns of battery H were manned and speedily in action, replying to the enemy's artillery. Half an hour afterwards, Capt. Bramhall, of the Sixth New York battery, came up, and five of his guns were placed on the right of those of Capt. Weber's. Both batteries now poured a most destructive fire into the enemy's position, while our infantry did the same, and before nine

o'clock in the morning, the troops in front were dispersed, and the guns in the fort silenced until late in the afternoon. These batteries were well supported by the Fifth New Jersey regiment, Col. Starr.

Gen. Heintzelman, who was on the field in person and to the rear, had sent Gen. Emory forward with a small command, which was afterwards increased to four regiments of infantry, with Benson's Second artillery, and two batteries from Gen. Kearney's division, all accompanied by Col. Averill's Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.—When Gen. Emory reached the front with the cavalry, he learned from Gen. Hooker, who had immediate command, that the limited length of the line in that locality did not admit of an opportunity to bring his arm of the service into action at that time. Gen. Emory, however, was sent with some of the force along the road to the left and rear, to observe the movements of the enemy, which the woods concealed. Gen. Emory's command had a little skirmishing among the fallen timber to the left and near

an opening within view of one of the redoubts.

A squadron of cavalry took possession of the work, which was partly deserted, and captured forty prisoners.

Quite early in the morning, it was noticed that the enemy was endeavoring to turn our flank to the left, for heavy firing was heard in that direction. The remaining companies of the First Massachusetts regiment were then deployed, and the Eleventh Massachusetts and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiments, under Gen. Grover, were ordered through the woods to outmanœuvre the tactics of the enemy. The Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, whose colonel was wounded, did not receive the order, and remained on the right with little loss.

While the Eleventh Massachusetts was engaged, not more than fifty yards from the enemy, a rebel officer displayed a white flag and shouted: "Don't fire on your friends!" Col. Blaisdell immediately ordered his regiment to cease firing, and when private Doherty advanced to take the flag,

the rebel officer said to his men, "Now, boys, give it to them." The command was obeyed, and we lost a number of men in consequence. Doherty was the first victim of this treachery; but ere he fell, he discharged his rifle at the officer, who received retributive justice in the form of a bullet through the head. When the ammunition of the First Massachusetts regiment, which fought so bravely, had given out, the regiment was relieved by the Seventy-second New York, Lieut.-Col. Moses, which was in time replaced by the Seventieth New York, Col. Dwight, both of the Excelsior Brigade.

In obedience to an order, Lieut.-Col. Moses pushed his regiment in front for the purpose of silencing a battery which was annoying us on the left. It was only when confronted with a most murderous fire, and bearing in mind the liability of having his command cut off from support unless Gen. Patterson, already engaged with the enemy, should immediately succeed in dislodging him in front, that he was prudently ordered to retire to his original position, where he

was then relieved by the Seventeenth regiment New York Volunteers, Col. Dwight. The first rebel regiment which confronted this, mistook it for one of its own side, and the commanding officer, dictated by his mistrust, demanded of Col. Dwight to show his colors. At the same time, the rebel flag was displayed by the rebel color-bearer, then our standard was raised and the Star Spangled Banner waved in defiance of that of the enemy. No sooner had the good old flag been displayed, than a volley was discharged at our men, but passed over our heads. The fire was returned with good effect. The rebel regiment was soon supported by another, and both were engaged by ours of the First Excelsior. Col. Dwight at this time received a slight wound in the leg, and Lieut.-Col. Farnum, being severely wounded, was carried to the rear. Still the regiment fought with determined bravery against superior numbers, and as we were gaining the advantage, Col. Dwight ordered his regiment to charge through the fallen timber. The men, with cheers, ad-



vanced upon the rebels, who were put to flight, and thus, the flag which the rebels had demanded to be shown, proved to be triumphant. The soldiers in this regiment held their position as long as any ammunition in their cartridge boxes held out, and then, as our supply train, by reason of the muddy condition of the roads, had not yet come up, they still presented an obstinate front, and held their ground as long as cartridges could be found in the boxes of their dead and wounded comrades around them. Reinforcements still confronted us, and the favorite project of the enemy to outflank us was still continued. Thus reinforced, they pressed vigorously to the front, and, while Col. Dwight was still endeavoring to resist this additional onslaught, he received two dangerous wounds, and, with several of his men, was taken prisoner by the enemy. He was carried by his captured men to Williamsburgh, where, when the rebels had evacuated, he was found by Gen. Jameson.

Out of thirty-three commissioned officers in this regiment who went into action,

twenty-two were either killed or wounded. Both the Seventieth and Seventy-second regiments displayed the most valorous conduct on this occasion.

The engagement had now assumed extensive proportions, the infantry and artillery keeping up a continuous and destructive fire. All of Gen. Patterson's New Jersey Brigade, except the eighth regiment, had previously arrived on the ground. The two regiments, the Sixth, Lieut.-Col. Van Lear, and the Seventh, Col. Carman, were conducted by Gen. Patterson through the forest, to assist in repelling another attempt to turn our left flank. They occupied the heavy timber which intercepted our view of the enemy's works. When they advanced, they were also met by fresh regiments, and for a time, the advantage alternated between the contending forces, and the tide of battle was seen to ebb and flow on either side, seeming uncertain as to the issue. As well as the forces of the enemy, our regiments which, while firing, were lying down, but still suffered severely, until, at an opportune

moment, Col. Johnson came up with the Sixth New Jersey in time to check the flanking fire of the enemy, which was rapidly running round to the left. Heavy firing soon broke out on the right of this command, and was also handsomely repulsed. Again, the orders of rebel officers, in the woods, to the front and rear, proved that the attempt which had previously been unsuccessfully made to turn our left, was resumed, and this time, as before, after a protracted struggle, they were again foiled in their attempts.

From the first, it seemed a subject of solicitude to have Gen. Heintzelman's command join that of Gen. Sumner, in line of battle on the Yorktown road, to the right. This, having been effected, Gen. Hooker, at about half-past eleven o'clock, despatched to Gen. Heintzelman's assistant-adjutant general a note, in which he said: "I have had a hard contest all the morning, but do not despair of success. My men are all at work, but are very much exhausted. It is reported to me that my communication with

you, by the Yorktown road, is clear of the enemy. Batteries, cavalry and infantry can take part by the side of mine and whip the enemy." This was sent to a point on the Yorktown road, under the impression that Gen. Heintzelman, who had command of the corps, was still there, whereas, that gallant and intrepid soldier was near the Hampton road, where the fighting was severest, cheering the long expected and welcomed reinforcements. This note, therefore, was not received by Gen. Heintzelman, but was returned to Gen. Hooker, and on the envelop indorsed, "Opened and read by the senior officer on that field," who was Gen. Sumner.

It would seem this timely note of Gen. Hooker's had the effect of infusing renewed energy into our commanders on the right, for about noon, Gen. Peck received orders to proceed to the front in support of Gen. Hooker. Gen. Peck urged on his command, which went through the deep mud and drenching rain with commendable alacrity. He was met by Gen. Keyes, commander of

the fourth corps, who gave him some instructions, and accompanied on the field by Gen. Couch, who advised the disposition of his troops. Notwithstanding the fearful condition of the roads, two batteries—Capt. Flood's and McCarthy's Pennsylvania artillery—came up to assist Gen. Peck's brigade, and later in the day, the troops were placed within supporting distance.

At an earlier hour, Gen. Hancock's brigade had been ordered still further to the right, about a mile and a half from the Yorktown road, for the purpose of silencing and taking possession of a battery which commanded a dam across a tributary to Queen's Creek, and which had been deserted by the enemy early in the morning, with further instructions to attempt to turn their left. Gen. Hancock, with the principal portions of the Fifth Wisconsin regiment, Col. Cobb; Sixth Maine, Col. Barnhen; Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, Col. Irwin; Seventh Maine, Col. Mason; and the Thirty-third New York, Col. R. F. Taylor—in all, about two thousand five hundred men, and

supported by Lieut. Cowan's and Capt. Wheeler's batteries of artillery, crossed the creek and took possession of the works, and also of another work about twelve yards in advance, toward Fort Magruder, both of which, for the time being, were deserted by the enemy. About this time, our whole line, from right to left, was engaged with the enemy, who was still bringing up reinforcements, among which was Longstreet's division, considered one of the finest in the rebel service, and which was recalled by the commanding general of the rebel forces, beyond Williamsburgh. Among these, were the commands of the rebel Gens. Pryor, Goldson, Early and Pickett, which the prisoners we had taken said had the reputation of being among the best troops in the rebel army. At this time, as I have said, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, our whole line was determinedly resisting the obstinate efforts of the enemy to drive back and win the day. To the left, New York regiments, commanded by Col. Nelson Taylor, were firing away with unre-

mitting energy. The Fourth Excelsior, Col. Brewster, and the Fifth Excelsior, Col. Burtis, had just proceeded to strengthen that part of the line which, throughout the day, the enemy continued to press with a vigor which indicated that the turning of our left flank was the most important part of Gen. Johnson's plan. The first and third regiments on the left of the road, and the Fourth and Fifth on the right, advanced and poured a most effective fire into the rebel regiments, which were pressing our position with great tenacity. At the same time the rebel artillery in Fort Magruder, and the redoubt to its right (our left), reopened with shot and shell, which made terrible havoc among the forest trees, much more than among our men. The woods, in every direction, bear the marks not only of shot and shell from the artillery, but from the musketry fire on either side. Tree tops dropped off as though they had been heads severed from human bodies by the keenest sword. The blood of our noble comrades who fell in the contest, covered the ground.

in places, and mingled with the rain. The dead lay in every direction, and the wounded formed a long, mournful procession, as they were being carried to the rear. Many, however, were not found when night closed upon the scene, and were necessarily left on the field till the morning. My heart was moved with pity to hear the groans of the dying and wounded, as they lay around, who were calling for their mothers—but no mother was there to aid or comfort them. Alas! some had no mother, for, if they had, she could not appeal to the words her brave son had uttered, “Mother, I’m dying! Oh! mother, I’m dying!” Yes, it was her palpitating heart that first nerved his strong arm. For her protection and his country’s honor he first buckled the soldier’s armor on, and now dreams of home, sweet home, and the loved ones left behind, steal upon his fevered brain, and he again mingles with family and friends, again listens to her footsteps, and the artless prattle of younger brothers and sisters; and now, while his life flows out, and the mists of death gather



round him, the name of mother leaps to his lips, and her form appears before him, from the home to which he bids farewell forever.

Remember the glories of patriots brave,  
 Though the days of the heroes are o'er;  
 Long lost to their country and cold in the grave,  
 They return to their kindred no more.

The stars of the field which in victory poured  
 Their beams on the battle-field set;  
 But enough of their glory remains on each sword  
 To light us to victory yet.

The felled trees presented great obstacles to the advance of our men, and many were shot in climbing over them. It was now that Lieut.-Col. Benedict, of the Fourth Excelsior regiment, who was always in the advance, was taken prisoner. The troops, in the Excelsior Brigade, fought in the most gallant and intrepid manner, and when their ammunition was expended, fell slowly back behind our batteries, which continued firing to keep the rebels in check until fresh supplies of ammunition were received. Our regiments advanced again, and kept up the

contest until relieved by reinforcements later in the afternoon.

Another instance of rebel treachery occurred in front of the Second New Hampshire regiment, similar to that in front of the Eleventh Massachusetts. Capt. Droune's company encountered a body of the enemy, when the rebel commander cried out, "Don't fire, don't fire, we are friends!" at the same time directing his men to trail arms. Capt. Droune ordered his company not to fire, and having thus obtained a good show at them, the rebels fired a volley, killing Capt. Droune and many of his men. The support to our artillery was withdrawn and sent to a more important point, Gen. Hooker deeming it better to run the risk of losing a few pieces of artillery, than of losing the day. This was just previous to the time that our reinforcements were coming up close in the rear. Those reinforcements consisted of Gen. Kearney's division. When the division was still far in the rear, hearing the firing in front, and having received orders to come forward with all possible haste, the

several brigades pushed on through the mud, past other troops and trains. Gen. Heintzelman, who was vigorously watching the progress of the battle, and weighing the chances for victory or defeat, had sent other orders to hasten on the coming division of his corps. At this point, Gen. Berry pushed on his brigade, and sent to the rear requests for the speedy advance of Capt. Thompson's battery of artillery.

The brigade and artillery soon arrived near the field of action. Gen. Kearney, with Gen. Jameson, had ridden to the front, and both, assisted by their staff officers, urged their personal influence to good advantage in encouraging the weary soldiers on to the scene of action.

As the troops passed where Gen. Heintzelman was, he waved his hat, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic cheers. The arrival of this brigade, at that moment, was most opportune, for it was a very critical period of the battle. The enemy, seeing the supports withdrawn from our artillery, made a determined attempt to

capture it, and indeed nearly all the horses having been killed, and the pieces deeply embedded in mud, some of the guns had already fallen into their hands. They were pushing this part of the line, and had succeeded in entering the woods near the Hampton road, which Gen. Hooker's division had held all the day. Gen. Heintzelman himself was nearly surrounded; but that noble soldier chose rather to be killed or captured, sooner than leave a position where, at that critical juncture, he could by his presence inspire confidence in his troops. Had he left, the result might have been disastrous. Just at that moment, however, Gen. Berry's brigade arrived, and then the tide of battle was destined to turn completely in our favor.

When Gen. Kearney's troops were being brought into action, they met the lengthened files of Gen. Hooker's wounded being carried to the rear. The shrieks of the lacerated and bleeding soldiers, who had been fighting so long and so well, pierced the air, and this, with the mud and rain and

the exhausted condition of those who had come several miles with so much speed, was not calculated to produce a favorable impression on them as they were rushing into battle. Gen. Heintzelman, however, ordered several of the bands to strike up national and martial airs, and when the strains of the familiar tunes reached the ears of the wounded, as they were being carried from the field, their cheers mingled with those of the soldiers who were just rushing into action. The effect, too, was great on the other side, for some of the prisoners stated that when they heard the bands strike up Hail Columbia, and heard our soldiers cheer, they knew that the victory would be ours.

The bands did play so merrily  
Our own sweet martial airs ;  
And when "Hail Columbia " was heard,  
We soon forgot our cares.

Gen. Kearney quickly conferred with Gen. Heintzelman, from whom he received his orders, and with Gen. Hooker, who pointed out the position of affairs, and made

some suggestions as to the disposition of his forces. Having observed the point of attack, Gen. Kearney immediately threw his troops into action. The Third Michigan regiment, Col. Champlin, having been previously attacked and sent with Gen. Emory, Gen. Berry went on the field with three other regiments. The Fifth Michigan regiment, Col. Terry, was filed off to the left of the road into the timber, and was supported by the Thirty-seventh New York, Col. Hayman. Part of the Second Michigan, Col. Poe, was placed on either side of the road. Then a charge was ordered on the left, and the Fifth Michigan and Thirty-seventh New York advanced in splendid style, driving the enemy before them away from the fallen timber, and out of the rifle-pits beyond. Nearly all the field officers of the Fifth Michigan were wounded in the charge. Col. Berry was slightly wounded, but he still bravely urged on his command. Lieut.-Col. Beach, who had won honors on the field in Mexico, sustained his character of a gallant officer, and was wounded in the

thigh. The fire of our artillery, and of our Western troops, was accurate. In one of the rifle-pits, sixty-three dead rebels were counted, most of them shot through the head. The dead and dying were lying all around. The Fifth Michigan regiment held possession of this rifle-pit, and turned to good account the advanced position it had gained. Capt. Smith, Gen. Berry's Assistant-Adjutant-General, displayed great gallantry under heavy firing, and led the wing of the Fifth Michigan in the charge. Still the enemy was pressing forward on the centre, where our almost abandoned battery was fast in the mud. In the meantime, Capt. Smith had placed his battery in *échelon* on a knoll to the right of the road, and when the rebels came down from Fort Magruder to take his comrades' cannon, he met them with a raking fire, which prevented their capture. At the same time, Gen. Kearney (since killed at Chantilly), perceiving this movement of the enemy, ordered two companies of the Second Michigan to charge on the rebels, who were now

crowding on our pieces. This charge was conducted in the most gallant manner, and the enemy was once more driven back over the felled timber. The Third and Fourth Maine regiments, having been detached from Gen. Birney's Brigade and temporarily assigned to Gen. Emory's, Gen. Birney came forward with the two remaining regiments, the Thirty-eighth New York, Col. J. H. Hobart Ward, and the Fortieth New York, Col. Riley. These were deployed to the right of the Hampton road, and, like those under Gen. Berry, on the left, relieved fragments of regiments which had borne the brunt of the battle ever since the commencement in the morning. All this time the rebel artillery was sending a rapid fire into our ranks. The thirty-eighth New York regiment was ordered to charge down the road, and take the rifle pits in front by the flank. Col. Ward, in the most martial manner, led seven companies of his regiment in the most brilliant and successful charge the other three companies, under Lieut. Col. Strong, were doing efficient service in an



adjacent part of the field. The charge of Col. Ward's regiment was a splendid movement; they rushed forward, putting the enemy to flight again across the fallen timber. The personal conduct of Col. Ward, whose martial bearing on the field was remarked by all who saw him, could have had no other effect than to infuse military ardor into all the soldiers near him. General Kearney, who was in one of the most exposed positions in the front, and who spoke and moved with great rapidity, observing the advantage to be gained at this important moment, immediately ordered the left wing of the Fortieth New York, Col. Riley, to follow the Thirty-eighth in the charge over the open space, and dash into the enemy's rear. The Col. being valiantly engaged in front with the right wing of his regiment, this charge of the left wing was led in the most intrepid manner by Capt. Mindle, chief of Gen. Birney's staff.

The enemy was successfully driven back, their artillery silenced, and the contest virtually closed in that portion of the field.

In the meantime, the operations had extended further to the right. Gen. Peck's command, of which mention has been previously made, was brought into action late in the afternoon, and near the point where the Yorktown road opened upon the space in front. The One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Rolly, was deployed to the right of the road, and the Fifty-fifth New York, Col. de Trobriand, to the left. This was the time of the general movement along the whole line; and when the enemy was attempting to carry off Capt. Weber's guns, the Fifty-fifth was dispatched to the left, with instructions to prevent that movement, but reached the spot too late to accomplish the intended object. However, those regiments, and the Sixty-second Penn., Col. Riker, engaged the enemy till their ammunition was expended. The Ninety-third Pennsylvania, Col. McCarty, was thrown in front, and contested the ground with the rebels until they appeared in larger force to the right again, in front of Col. Rolly's regiment. It was now quite doubt-

ful whether Gen. Peck could hold his position there. The Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Balliere, was ordered forward; but some of the companies manifested symptoms of disorder,—while the rebels were gaining ground—but was placed in position notwithstanding, and before night closed upon the conflict, the brigade had partially succeeded in driving back the enemy. The supply of ammunition in the cartridge boxes having been expended, the brigade was relieved by other troops, which were placed under command of Gen. Devin, on the right, and Gen. Keim, on the left. Gen. Keim, of Pennsylvania, of Gen. Casey's division, was engaged actively in the battle, rising from a sick couch to take part therein. He was complimented by Gen. McClellan for the services he rendered in rescuing Gen. Peck's brigade when in great danger. Gen. Keim's death was caused by the exposure he suffered at this battle.

The battle had now raged from early morn till near night. By the superior intrepidity of our troops, the vigorous attacks

of the enemy had been repulsed, and the last grand advance along the line had been handsomely repelled by Gen. Kearney's troops. The enemy tried to turn our left, but had failed, and the subsequent advances gradually extended from left to right. The rain was still descending, as it had been all day. Gen. Hancock's brigade, previously placed on our right, remained in the position it took up when it crossed the dam, and occupied some of the evacuated earthworks earlier in the afternoon. Expected reinforcements not coming up in time, it was deemed more proper that the brigade should fall back from the advanced position it had gained, to the one occupied at first, immediately after crossing the dam. Being occasionally engaged with the enemy, however, in order to avoid the bad effect which a retrograde movement might cause, it held the position, keeping skirmishers deployed in front. The fire near Fort Magruder, to the left, had now almost subsided, and rebel troops were observed moving in different directions. A force of the enemy's infantry

filled a work which had remained unoccupied, and a body of their cavalry assembled on the plateau, apparently with a view of charging on the battery. A vigorous attack on the right made Gen. Hancock apprehensive that his position might be turned, and be cut off from an opportunity of retreating, if he should find it necessary, across the dam. His brigade fell back in line of battle, followed by the rebels firing and cheering as they came; our artillery was also brought back, piece by piece, the last gun firing a few rounds of canister at the advancing enemy. As soon as the artillery was safe, the Fifth Wisconsin regiment, on the right, was ordered to retire in the same manner as the others, disputing the ground as it retreated. Another line was being formed on either side of the redoubt by our retiring regiments. The enemy was pressing them so hard, that when the Fifth Wisconsin regiment had reached the second line, followed by the Fifth North Carolina, shouting, "Bull Run, Ball's Bluff," it was immediately formed to

the right and left of the redoubt. The rebels were now within some forty yards, and Gen. Hancock ordered an immediate advance of his entire line. This, it will be remembered, was composed of the principal portions of the Fifth Wisconsin regiment, Sixth and Seventh Maine, Thirty-third New York, and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania regiments, in all about two thousand five hundred men. These regiments went forward with alacrity, and as they came close to the enemy delivered a few volleys. Then Gen. Hancock gave the command, "Gentlemen, charge." And his gallant men, with tremendous cheers, dashed down the slope. The enthusiastic spirit of the men seemed to be sufficient to frighten the opposing force, which was said by prisoners to be Gen. Early's brigade, and, with the exception of three resolute rebels who stood to receive the bayonets, the line broke and the rebels ran. Pursuing them down the slope, Gen. Hancock's command halted, and fired ten or eleven volleys at them, and also at another rebel force which was observed advancing

to support the first. When the smoke cleared up, the ground was thickly covered with dead and dying rebels. The loss of the enemy, at this time, was great. The Fifth North Carolina regiment was almost annihilated: the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and other regiments, lost many officers. Gen. Early was wounded, and several Colonels killed.

The prisoners we captured said, that, before they went into action, Gen. Hill made a brief address to the rebel troops, in which he told them that we had better arms; that the conflict would be close; that he knew they were equal to the task, and that they must walk in and give us the cold steel. Then Gen. Early asked them, if they were ready to take that battery; and they replied that they would try it. They did try it; but instead of giving us the cold steel, they themselves fled at the sight of it. Gen. McClellan arrived with heavy reinforcements at the scene of action on the right, just about the time Gen. Hancock's command made the final charge: he was loudly

cheered as he passed, and his presence on the field created the most unbounded enthusiasm among his troops.

Gen. Hancock's loss, in the operations of the day, including this charge, was nine killed, ninety-five wounded, and thirty missing. That was about the concluding act of the engagement, and when night closed upon the final scene, our troops, all along the line, soundly slept on the field they had so bravely won.

This battle was a series of charges on either side, from the left to the right of the line, from the commencement of the action to its close; but, as the ground was covered with felled timber, it was difficult to manœuvre speedily in any place except on the right, where the advantage of position gave Gen. Hancock an excellent opportunity to charge. No battle was ever fought with greater determination on both sides. The repeated attempts to turn our left, were successfully repulsed each time in the most gallant manner, and history does not furnish instances of greater individual valor

♦



than was displayed on that memorable field.

On the day subsequent to the battle, the dead were lying so thickly on the ground that, in some places, it was necessary either to pick your way or step on the body of some dead or wounded soldier half-buried in the mud. Several rebel Indians were found dead on the field. Our loss was over two thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. It was impossible to tell precisely what loss the enemy had sustained, but from the number of killed and wounded left behind, and other evidences, their loss was believed to be fully equal to ours. Gen. Heintzelman acted with a coolness and courage, when surrounded by danger, which attest his merits as an accomplished soldier.

Gen. Hooker opened the attack, and held successfully the ground with his division, against overwhelming numbers, until the arrival of Gen. Kearney's troops late in the afternoon. He was in immediate command, where the fighting was, during the greater

portion of the day, and, with great energy and skill, fought the rebel forces under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the ablest of all the rebel generals.

It is an interesting incident that Gen. Hooker and Gen. Johnston, who confronted each other on that occasion, were old friends—fought side by side, for the American cause, in all the battles which took place in Mexico, and entered Chapultepec together. Gen. Hooker has shown himself not only a gentleman but an able officer also.

Gen. Kearney's activity is surpassed only by his intrepidity. His conduct in the battle was of an inspiring character, and was often in the most exposed positions; once, with Gen. Jameson, down in front of Fort Magruder—it was somewhat surprising that he escaped with his life. One of our officers met, in the hospital, a college companion, a Virginian, who was on the rebel side, and wounded in the fight. He said that he and others had, several times, taken deliberate aim at that "man with the one arm"—

meaning Gen. Kearney, who had lost his arm while leading a charge during the war with Mexico.

But now he is gone, his battles are o'er ;  
His deeds we remember, his loss we deplore ;  
He is gone to his home, his Captain to see,  
Where fighting's unknown, and all is victory.

Other generals, who commanded brigades, conducted themselves with scarcely less bravery and valor. The Staff officers, in every instance, rendered valuable services to the cause on this occasion. All exhibited activity, and those who were under a heavy fire showed great gallantry. Gen. Kearney's Chief of Staff, Capt. James M. Wilson, was killed while putting in execution the desire for a general onset, falling within the enemy's lines ; and Lieut. William C. Bernard, one of his aids, late of West Point, lost his life towards the close of the engagement, having previously had a horse shot under him. With scarcely an exception, officers of the Field and Line behaved in the bravest manner, while among the file there were thousands of instances of individual prowess

which may never be widely known. All conducted themselves commendably, and though they may not see their names in history, yet will feel conscious that they have done their duty.

The contest throughout was of the fiercest character : one or two examples will serve as illustrations. After the action, a friend and foe were found, each tightly clutching his rifle, each having the other's bayonet in his body, and both dead on the ground. One of our Lieutenants, who was killed, had run his sword through a rebel, and was cleaving the skull of another, when he was killed by a bullet from the enemy. The Thirty-eighth New York, and the Fourteenth Louisiana regiments, which first confronted each other at Bull Run, met again on this occasion. The one was opposed to the other in the fight. At the battle of Bull Run, some of the Thirty-eighth New York were taken prisoners, and were guarded in prison, at Richmond, by the Fourteenth Louisiana. At the battle of Williamsburgh, some of the Fourteenth were

taken prisoners by the Thirty-eighth. The tables had now been completely turned, for familiar faces were recognized again, and it was found that some of our men who had been guarded by rebels, were now guarding rebels themselves. But it would be useless to prolong the narrative; it will suffice for the end—that the battle of Williamsburgh was one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war. Gen. Hooker's loss was in the ratio of one in six, which is a proportionate loss of that of the allied armies at the battle of Alma, in 1854. No other battle, in the recent European wars, compares with it. The bloodiest battle in Napoleon's career, if I mistake not, was that of Wagram, where the loss was one in eight. Our regiments, engaged at the battle of Williamsburgh, were small in numbers, for the reason that, when they were urged on, some were found physically unable to keep up on the double-quick, and therefore dropped out of the ranks exhausted before the regiments reached the field of action. The force opposed to ours was said to be thirty thousand.

We had prisoners taken in the fight, who represented forty different regiments. All the Union regiments, who participated in the battle, have "Williamsburgh" inscribed upon their banners.

Dr. Franklin Ridgeway, Assistant Surgeon of the Fourth Excelsior regiment, was on the field throughout the fight, attending to the wounded, besides having his horse shot under him, but remained on the field notwithstanding. He was riding near Gen. Hooker when the horse of the General was shot down, and was the first to assist him in rising. While dressing the shattered ankle of one of the men, a shell took the top of the man's head off. At one period of the action, the rebels made a desperate charge upon the battery on the right, and fearing its capture, Dr. Ridgeway rode up to the battery, and, dismounting, continued to assist in working the guns until the rebels were driven off. He was highly complimented for the gallantry displayed by him on the field.

The National colors were first raised on

the walls of Yorktown by the Standard-bearer of the Fourth regiment, in which Dr. Ridgeway assisted. After the battle, our troops were disposed along the whole line, and pickets were placed in front. Scouts were sent out to observe the movements of the enemy.

An hour or more after midnight, Sergeant Green, from the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, reported to Gen. Jameson, and he to Gen. Kearney, that the enemy was evacuating their position in front of the recent scene of action. He was sent out again, and in two hours returned with a corroboration of his previous statement. At dawn, Gen. Jameson, with two companies of the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania regiment, was sent to reconnoitre, and, with a detachment of a dozen men under Lieut. Gilbert, entered Fort Magruder, which was found to be deserted. He was the first to take possession of the rebel fortifications at Yorktown, and also the first to enter the works at Williamsburgh. He then advanced with his whole line, supported by artillery.

The rear-guard of the enemy was just departing as he entered Williamsburgh. The town itself was almost deserted. Deserters, stragglers, and sick and wounded rebels, to the number of nearly six hundred, were found in the streets and suburbs, in hospitals and private houses. Gen. Jameson was marching on with his brigade, when he was instructed, by the General commanding, to encamp just outside the town. If this retreat of the rebels had been followed up, we, probably, should not have been compelled to retreat from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing. Gen. Jameson was made Military Governor of Williamsburgh.

Thus, after a signal discomfiture, the enemy evacuated his strong position also, and pushed his retreating columns along the picturesque Peninsula.

I shall not attempt to give the names of the killed and wounded at this battle, but will merely mention the number in each division engaged on the Union side. Gen. Hooker had four hundred and three killed, nine hundred and eighty-seven wounded,



and three hundred and seventeen missing ; making a total of one thousand seven hundred and seven. Gen. Kearney's division had eighty-seven killed, three hundred and fourteen wounded, and seventeen missing ; total, four hundred and eighteen. Gen. Couch's division lost nineteen killed, eighty-five wounded, and twenty-four missing ; total, one hundred and twenty-eight. Gen. Hancock's brigade had nine killed, ninety-five wounded, and thirty missing ; total, one hundred and thirty four. Making in all, five hundred and eighteen killed, one thousand four hundred and eighty-one wounded, and three hundred and eighty-eight missing : or, a grand total of two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven killed, wounded, and missing.



## APPENDIX.

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AFTER the battle of Williamsburgh, it was deemed expedient to despatch the wounded to the various hospitals, for which purpose they were sent in ambulances to Queen's Creek, and from thence were sent by steamboat to Fort Monroe.

While we were being placed on board, the cook in the kitchen was busy preparing some refreshments for the wounded passengers. Shortly the Captain came to me with a cup of coffee, which I partook of with great eagerness, after which I was removed to another part of the boat. In short, I was highly honored by the presence of Col. Small, who was placed by my side, and we immediately fell into conversation. The Colonel asked where I was wounded; I told him, in the leg and arm. He said that he was wounded in the leg, but it would

not be very serious ; and also told me, that he had been wounded in the Mexican war. From Col. Small I gathered some information concerning the battle in which we had just been engaged. The Colonel is a very compassionate man, and cares more for others than for himself. He gave me an opium pill, saying, that it would make me sleep, and thereby would ease my pain ; and said that he always carried medicine with him in battle.

The officers belonging to the boat seemed very much interested in Col. Small, and occasionally would bring him a cup of ruby wine, which he cherished as a dear friend. I expected every moment to become the recipient of a glass of the stimulating beverage, but there were none who cared for the little corporal, save the Colonel ; and I thought if I only had shoulder straps, how I should then be looked upon as somebody. But it was too late ; I was about to become a cripple for life, and must say good bye to such marks of distinction.

There are some who, when they leave the

service, boast that they never desired to wear the badge of a commissioned officer. Such men, I say, never had any merits of their own whereby they could become officers; and I knew an individual who, at a public meeting, in New York, thanked Providence that he was only a private soldier. That man, from the account which he gave of himself, never bore a good reputation while in his regiment, nor had he any merits whereby he could obtain shoulder straps. But I am wandering from my intended subject.

On the third day after the battle, I became an inmate of the hospital of Fort Monroe, and while there was very kindly cared for. My wounds were carefully dressed, my linen changed, and I was made the recipient of a very nice cup of tea and toast preparatory to going to bed. Of the latter, I had an excellent one; and on either side was a secesh, both North Carolinians. These men were groaning nearly the whole time, and I was therefore obliged to pass several sleepless nights, by being thus sur-

rounded by the enemies of my country. One of these, who was on my right, had his leg amputated : the other, in justice to him, was a good looking fellow, and one whom any of our Yankee ladies might desire for a husband. He was wounded in the spine, and the doctors, in searching for the bullet, had made a terrible gash in the man's thigh, much larger than that inflicted by the bullets of Union soldiers. This rebel told me that he was about to be married, when he was called upon to serve in the rebel army, and on which account he deferred the marriage until "this cruel war would be over." But, alas! the ill-fated missile had done its work, the doctors had done theirs, and the poor young man "shuffled off this mortal coil."

I was conversing with him one morning about his sweetheart,—for I always took a particular interest in that subject—and, growing somewhat tired of conversing, I fell asleep. I had not, however, slept more than fifteen minutes, when I awoke, and behold! my companion had fled; the bright youth

took his departure for another world—the lover was no more ; his soul had taken its flight to the land of spirits. Death had laid his icy hand upon him, and grasped in its cold embrace his lifeless form. The other still lingered, complaining now that his toes pained him, while those same toes were either buried in the cold earth, or pickled in the doctor's surgery. But, notwithstanding, his toes did pain him, for he felt them through imagination ; the nerves were still there, and, if I am not mistaken, he feels them still ; if so, I can sympathize with him, for I feel my fingers, though they are buried in the city of New York.

*May 21st.*—I was put on board the steamer Kenebec for New York, where I arrived on the twenty-fourth. Happy was I and my mangled comrades when we learned that we were in sight of the Empire City, and thrice happy when we beheld a number of patriotic ladies and gentlemen enter the boat, with many delicacies for those who had fought and bled in their

country's defence. Never were viands more acceptable than on that occasion.

On the morning of the 25th, the boat was cleared of the wounded passengers, they being sent to the different hospitals throughout the city, and glad was I to have the good fortune to be accounted an inmate of the Ladies' Home, which is situated on the corner of Fifty-first street and Lexington Avenue. I say fortune, for in the above hospital I exchanged the rude treatment of iron-handed war for the many comforts which the Home then contained, together with the tender care which the ladies are ever ready to bestow. It was to me emphatically a home, a name to which I had long been a stranger; when pain and sickness sent their quivers through my emaciated frame, the hand of the gentler sex was there to soothe my fevered brow—there to impart those sweet smiles and fond caresses which woman alone is capable of imparting. Dr. A. B. Mott, who has charge of the institution, is an able and efficient surgeon.



The usual compliments, however, were extended me, such as I had met with in the former hospitals, namely, a collation of tea and toast. In the evening I was furnished with comfortable quarters, after a dreary passage on board the Kenebec, and I now felt secure from the evils which I had gone through during the passage.

Next morning I beheld a number of my comrades who belonged to the same company, and who had arrived the day previous. They were glad to see me, and were much surprised, when they found I was alive, for my name had been in the daily papers as among the killed. But no, I am still alive, and with my remaining hand, take pleasure in announcing that I am able to pen these lines.

Here my wounds were carefully dressed, and I was as comfortable as I could desire. The worst, however, was yet to come. On the 20th of June—nearly four weeks after my initiation to the hospital—my arm was amputated by Dr. Mott, in the presence of Drs. Crane, Peters, Robie, and a number of

others. I was taken completely by surprise, until Dr. Mott said: "Now, Burns, I am going to do something for you." But I was well aware of what he was about to do, when I saw the chloroform in the hand of Dr. Robie, and by way of encouragement, Dr. Crane said to Dr. Peters, "We are going to reset the joint." The resection, however, proved to be an amputation.

I made diligent inquiries of the officials before the arm was taken off, as to whether the doctors came to the conclusion to amputate it, but could not gain any definite information on that point. The questions, however, were in due time solved.

I was taken out of the ward, where I had been since my initiation to the hospital, and carried up stairs by Drs. Robie and Walker, who I pitied, because of the burden they bore. They, however, said that I was no incumbrance, and I was taken to Ward 4, where I was placed close to the operating room. Here I awaited my turn on a water bed, which I did not like at first, but afterwards was sorry to part with it. Dr. R.

administered the chloroform, which I did not like, and pushed it away in disgust; but there was no time to trifle—"do or die," was the motto.

The cloth was held to my mouth the second time with more success than at first, but was taken away before I became insensible, and, feeling somewhat better, I told the doctor I was not asleep. "Are you not?" said the good-natured gentleman. "No," said I. "Well, then, take some more," he said. It was put to my mouth the third time, when I became wholly insensible, and was unable to tell the doctor that I was asleep. I was then taken into the operating-room, where the surgeon severed from my body a worthy friend, and one that had rendered good service for twenty-three years.

Alas! my friend, thou'rt gone and left me,  
Thy absence to lament and mourn;  
But aid from God is not bereft me,  
For he, to me, does help return.

I felt much better next morning, after the amputation, and now began to recover.

My wounds were carefully dressed by Dr. Robie, whose presence, to me, was as good as his medicine. He always went cheerfully about his work, which was accompanied with the well known ditties, "Annie of the Vale," or "Fairy Belle."

There was another young man, who I must not forget to speak of, and who used to join in the chorus with the doctor. This man was a very efficient nurse, and interested himself in the welfare of the patients. His name is Leonard, and after Dr. R. had left on a visit to his friends, he took charge of my arm.

Still another, whose name is Gould, who was shot in the leg, and having his left arm amputated on the field, was brought to this hospital in a very weak condition. This man was my particular friend; he was also, being an intelligent young man, a favorite of the ladies, and who would smile in the midst of pain. He is now, by his own request, discharged from the service, having an artificial arm, and is, I understand, doing well.

There were also five rebels in this hospital, four being from North Carolina and one from South Carolina. The South Carolinian was a very intelligent man, but a bitter enemy to our cause, and who had lost his leg below the knee. With him I had several controversies, but all to no use. His name was Hanahan, whose brothers were merchants, then living in Charleston, S. C., and who owned quite a number of slaves.

On one occasion, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher came to see him, and introduced his lady to the sergeant, for he was an orderly in the rebel service. In him, also, the ladies took a great interest. There was another, a North Carolinian, who slept in the northeast corner of the room. This man said that he was conscripted into the rebel ranks, being a resident of Newbern, and was engaged to be married at the time, but had heard that his adored was then wed to another, which I am sure made him feel sad, as he often talked about her. This man had also lost a leg.

Oh! cruel war, why didst thou sunder

the cords of affection, which bound this once happy pair !

I might truly say that he was loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and he said he did not fire a shot against us. He and the South Carolinian had many an argument concerning the illegality of the rebellion, which proves his loyalty to the Union cause. His name was Gaskin.

There was another who was wounded in the shoulder, and had much the same kind of story to relate, excepting the marriage. This man was also conscripted into the rebel ranks, but refused to serve, and for which he was condemned to be whipped, the marks being quite visible on his back. Not satisfied with this, they put him under a pump, and while in that position, threatened his life if he would not consent to serve. So to save his and the lives of his family, he at last complied. His name was Sexton, and as an extension, we called him Grizzly Bear, for he was all bone, and being six feet three inches in stature, he appeared almost a giant. His temperament, how-

ever, was very mild, and did not admit of the savage appellation given him, although, in one sense, he acted like the one exhibited in the well known Barnum's Museum. He would get up from his bed at night and walk up and down the room for nearly an hour without stopping, and would afterwards go to the latter and scratch for nearly another hour. He was also quite an eccentric fellow, and would pass many lively jokes among the patients, for which we were very much attached to him. He had a peculiar appetite for raw onions, saying that they were fine things to make one sleep.

Of the other two, I will not speak much, they being of a sober disposition, and not given to conversation. One, a lieutenant, who belonged to the Eighteenth North Carolina regiment, the other a private in the same. The lieutenant had his slave, or servant, as he called him, attending him while in the hospital. On one occasion he was asked by one of the nurses, if he was in need of anything. The answer was given

in the negative, saying that his servant would attend to him.

I mentioned that these men had not much to say; but the old adage is, that "still water runs deep." In short, Sambo became ill of the Typhoid fever, of which he died soon after, thus depriving the lieutenant of his services.

These men were, afterwards, sent to the realms of Davis & Co. The rebel officer, however, was furnished with a new suit of clothes by a kind secessionist of New York, who is well known to many in Third Avenue, and especially to those who reside near the corner of Fiftieth street.

*June 28th, 1863.*—I was transferred from this hospital to the St. Joseph's, at Central Park, being then a member of the Invalid, now Veteran Reserve Corps. Here I was very kindly treated by the Sisters who were in charge of the Institution. Dr. Gouly, however, was principal surgeon, a very aristocratic gentleman, and a strict disciplinarian. I soon found I had work to perform, and was placed in the capacity of Ward



master, which office I held until my removal to New Haven, Conn.

On one occasion, Dr. G. came to where I was sitting playing chequers—which game I was very fond of—and asked me if I had nothing else to do, reprimanding me, at the same time, for associating with privates. He said, that there were several non-commissioned officers around the building with whom I might associate, and, at the same time, he said, if I continued keeping company with my inferiors, that they would not obey me.

I was transferred from this hospital, on the 20th day of August, to the Knight Hospital, New Haven, Connecticut. This institution is conducted by Surgeon P. A. Jewett, a very efficient person, and it is one of the best in New England. It contained, at the time I became an inmate, about five hundred and fifty patients, nearly all of whom were convalescent.

Here I was a stranger for about three weeks, when I became acquainted with some very excellent ladies, who have shown, by

their kindly offices, that they are soldiers' friends. I would mention some of them, but in doing justice to a few, I might, by implication, do injustice to many. Their names, however, are inscribed on the tablets of my memory.

A portion of the mirth-loving patients had organized themselves into a band of minstrels, doing ample justice to the negro character, and who were a lively set of fellows. I would mention, that the surgeon in charge was very fond of the eccentric. On one occasion, he appointed four one-legged men to run races in the yard attached to the building, and the man who should win the race was to receive one dollar. This created quite a sensation among the cripples. The race was run twice, the same man winning both heats. The distance was five rods.

A German friend of mine said, that he would give ten dollars if this war was at an end. I asked him if he would not give more, telling him that I would give ten and one-half. "No;" said he, "I give it to make Chef Davis as tight as ter tivel." I

told him it would not take that much to make him tight. "Oh, vell," said he, "I give him some goot stuff; I make him drunk on champagne." I think he ought to be made drunk on "real pain."

A young lady, in visiting that hospital, inquired for her brother; but, when asked his name, said she had quite forgotten it. Suddenly she recollected that she had a number of brothers, but had forgotten their names also—a very treacherous memory,

*Oct. 8th.*—One of the inmates of the guard-house being allowed to go outside, in company with one of the guards, and said guard, being anxious to peruse the morning paper, left his prisoner to himself and stepped to one side. At an opportune moment, however, knowing that he had been confined long enough, prisoner made his escape in triumph.

*Oct. 9th.*—The guard-house contained thirty-two inmates. Some of these were confined for drunkenness, some for being absent at roll-call, and others for going out

on French leave. The prisoners confined there did not seem to mind it much, as they were amply provided for. One young man, speaking ironically, said, this rebellion would soon be ended if the public only knew what good care is taken of soldiers in hospitals, how the men would all volunteer, and get wounded, for the sake of getting there.

*Oct. 10th.*—The number of prisoners had increased to thirty-nine. They enjoyed themselves pretty well, notwithstanding the small place allowed them for recreation, the room being only twelve feet wide by twenty long.

On this occasion there was quite a number of lady visitors, and, among other objects, the guard-house was the theatre of attraction, which the ladies went to see, accompanied by their soldier friends. After exchanging many words of sympathy for the prisoners, the fair sex were ordered away by one of the guards.

The men had a violin, and were enjoying its thrilling notes, putting in practice the

words of the poet, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."

I staid in this hospital until the 15th of Oct., when I was transferred to Bedloe's Island, New York. Before leaving, however, three cheers were given for Major Jewett.

Arrived at Bedloe's Island on the 16th of Oct. Here we had very comfortable quarters, and, I may say, safe ones too, as regards running the guards or taking French leave; for we could obtain but a bird's-eye view of the Empire City, and wished ourselves once more on the soil of New Haven. In short, I became a modern Robinson Crusoe, only

I was not monarch of all I surveyed,  
My rights there were some to dispute;  
From the centre, all around to the sea,  
Uncle Sam did those rights confute.

We were at liberty, however, to go all over the Island, and through the Fort, which is not a very formidable one, and, in my judgment, could not resist a heavy storm, having fifty-four guns for its defense. While at the latter place, I employed my time in writing,

or rather, learning to write ! for, in the former, I was not proficient.

I soon became accustomed to my new abode, but desired a change, owing to the too frequent visits of rats with which the place abounds. These were very offensive, and would often make very destructive raids on our clothing and the faces of my room-mates, often biting the latter, but being good tacticians, they always retreated in safety. Here I remained until the 28th of November, when I was transferred to my company, it being stationed at David's Island. But it was only jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, the change being in no way a desirable one.

Of the latter place I will not say much, nor recommend it to those who may be placed in the same predicament, for I suffered intensely with the cold. My stay here was but short, and on the 1st of December, was sent to Fort Schuyler, New York Harbor.

The hospital, at the latter, was conducted by Dr. Webster, a very able and efficient

surgeon. Here we had excellent quarters provided. Our company occupied one of the Wards or Barracks intended for the patients, of whom there were seven hundred.

This hospital is divided into three sections, A. B. and C. Section A. having ten wards, B, ten, and C, fourteen. Each ward could accommodate about fifty patients. There was a steward in charge of each section, and nurses in charge of wards. A railroad was built around the hospital, by which the food was sent to the different wards; this was roofed overhead, affording shelter from the rain and snow. In the centre, and near head-quarters, stands a neat little church, of gothic architecture, in which service was held every Sabbath.

In short, I was sent to the executive office, where I made some proficiency in writing. Mr. Chapman, who was chief clerk, proposed that we should organize a debating club of the clerks in the office, which was agreed to. It was therefore decided that we should open our debate on

the following Wednesday. The subject proposed for discussion was as follows :

*“ Resolved, That our forefathers had no right to encroach upon the possessions of the Red Man.”*

Each debatee was to write out his subject. Our first discussion was held in the office, the object being for our mutual improvement. I now give my debate or affirmative side of the question, which I was appointed to take.

*Resolved, That our forefathers had no right to encroach upon the possessions of the Red Man.*

Mr. PRESIDENT,—The question we are about to discuss is one of importance—it not only concerns those engaged in its discussion, but the community at large. It remains for me to prove, sir, that our forefathers had a right to deprive the red man of the land which he possessed, that they might establish a government, which foundation was to be built upon the principles



of justice, liberty, and humanity. These, Mr. President, should exclude all other claims. If the red man had held predominancy in the land, many of the millions who now possess the light of the Gospel, might have remained in ignorance. They would not have known the use of the plough, the spade, and the harrow. They would not have known the first rudiments of husbandry. In the main, civilization would not be hailed with joy by the thousands who now possess its gratifying influences. Was it not a duty, sir, incumbent upon our predecessors, to open the way for the progress of religion and civilization, and while such obstacles stood in the way of these, was it not necessary that they should be eradicated? We all know that the savage loves his native shore; we also know that he loves the forest, where he may chase the wild deer—these are his delights. Talk to him about the cultivation of the soil—he knows nothing about it. He would say, “give me my own mountain home, and I care not for the pursuits which you may teach me, since

they tend to deprive the Indian of the happiness which he was wont to enjoy from his youth. We cannot abide in your populated towns and villages ; we prefer our wigwams." They prefer the lower caste while we prefer the higher. " We are averse to your mode of living ; in truth, we are averse to civilized life, and things pertaining to it. Our tools are the tomahawk, the hatchet, and the scalping-knife—with these we will live, with these we will die." " But," say our forefathers, " in lieu of the things which you say we deprive you of, we offer those that are more essential ; if you accept them, they are free ; then you will be equal with us ; if not, then must we establish them. You are averse to civilization, since you do not know the value of it ; nor will we allow barbarism to stand in the way of the latter."

Civilization, Mr. President, must be foremost in the ranks of nations, for it is that which makes nations what they are. Do we not see it verified every year ? If there is anything which prevents it, then must it

also prevent the one thing needful, namely, the spread of the Gospel.

Our forefathers knew this, and to establish the latter, they must necessarily eradicate the first. I ask, was it not essential? The command was given, "go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and in going forth on such a holy mission, did our forefathers expect to meet with no opposition—were there no obstacles in the way? if there were any, then was it a duty to remove them?

No doubt, Mr. President, there were some among our predecessors, to whom that command was given; and to proclaim such glad tidings, it was incumbent upon them to use every means in their power, especially when the savage was opposed to that which pertained unto his temporal and spiritual interests.

"Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Thus it was necessary for our forefathers to possess the land of the red man.

The celebrated Hariot, in 1585—ninety-three years after America's discovery—wrote an account of North America, and to prove the richness of the soil, had introduced to Europe three productions, which were of immense consequence. The potatoe, the Indian corn, and tobacco. This insured a renewal of the enterprise the following year. It was attempted, but was in a measure a failure, because they did not use force enough. Thus, Bancroft, another celebrated historian, says the stimulus of private property has always been found not to be spared, when it hinders the production of industry and wealth.

Our forefathers were well aware of this, and to promote the interest of civilization and religion, they took the possessions of the red man. Their better judgment taught them that he had no rights that the white man was bound to respect; that he followed no industrial pursuits that the white man might envy. On the other hand, there was no beauty in him that he should be desired—all was desolation. It seemed, sir, that the

hand of Providence had worked out this scheme, and through his will it was concocted. That scheme, if I may so call it, has been a triumphant one; millions have realized the desirableness of it. Through it the Gospel sound is heard in the dark places of the earth. Industry and agriculture have been taught to many benighted lands. The country we have taken possession of, has proved a happy boon to thousands. It is the mart where all nations may bring their produce, where their rights will be respected, where they can live peaceably and happy under one glorious banner of liberty.

It seems, Mr. President, that this land was reserved for the purposes set forth. Through its possession, we have been enabled to dispense, with a willing hand, many comforts to the starving inhabitants of Europe. I care not, sir, what my opponent may say to the contrary, he cannot, without proving that black is white, prove that our forefathers had no right to possess the land of the red man.

What right had he to show that it was his, and from whom did he receive his patent? He had none, nor did he know of any; the white man taught him that, after he had gained possession. They understood not right or wrong, for how could they know the difference, they were never taught it? Neither does a wolf know of a wrong done the farmer, after it has devoured his lamb. Nor does the red man know, by his aversion to civilization and religion, that he is doing a fatal injury to mankind; he is not at all aware of it. Thus he must be taught, and to teach him, you must whip him, as the schoolmaster whips the obstinate schoolboy; being his superior, he knows what is best for him.

And, sir, having particularized the many blessings which have arisen from the possessions of the red man, I may safely expect that you will decide in favor of the affirmative. I have endeavored to prove that barbarism hath no abiding place with civilization; and to establish the one, you must necessarily eradicate the other. They can-

not live peaceably together, for they are enemies.

Thus, Mr. President, I have attempted to show that our predecessors were justified in taking the affirmative side of the question. If they were here, I should then produce the living witnesses; but though they are not present in body, yet their spirit is always before us. A noble republic, which they have formed upon this once barren waste, remains as a witness. The pilgrims, who poured out their supplications on Plymouth rock, remain as witnesses. Our latest voyagers, in trying to explore some new land, that they might plant the flag of liberty on its soil, and be accounted a colony of the young republic, they also remain witnesses.

What I have said, Mr. President, may suffice. I will therefore trust to your good judgment for a decision in favor of the affirmative.

## Debate second.

*Resolved*, That the desire of fame is a greater stimulant to exertion than that of wealth

MR. PRESIDENT,—The subject proposed for discussion is certainly an important one—one that has interested all nations, and still continues to stimulate the public mind to an exertion of that much to be desired object—“fame.”

Fame, Mr. President, stimulates to exertion in various ways. The rich and the poor, the king and the lowest subject, are desirous of possessing it. His sovereign majesty's desire is to gain the good opinion of his subjects, to make wise and equitable laws for the governing of his kingdom, and if war should be declared, he puts his kingdom in a state of defence, that he may defeat his enemies, and thereby establish his reputation. That is his desire. It is not wealth, not gold, for he has these at his command, but desires to hold the sceptre, that it may not be given to another.



Fame, then, is the object sought and attained. Education may be an object aimed at, through which man may gain a reputation. He may become wealthy by the possession of it. When I say wealthy, I mean as regards this world's goods, riches, what men term a sufficient amount of property. To be able to pay your rent when the landlord pays you a visit. To meet the demands of your better half when she wants a new sett of crinoline. To be able to purchase a cradle for the baby, and a pair of shoes when it becomes old enough to wear them. In short, to meet the demands of the domestic circle, and when having supplied all these, you will be deemed wealthy. But I ask, is this fame? True, you are going in a direct line for the possession of it, that is one way. The baby will strut about the room exhibiting its new shoes; you have created within it a desire to become something more than a baby. It is the desire of fame immaturely developed in that young mind. The madam, to exhibit your affluence, puts on a larger sett of crinoline, or displays her costly orna-

ments to the world, that she may establish a reputation, that she may be thought famous. Thus, I have attempted to show that the desire of fame stimulates to exertion in various ways, while the desire of wealth is only secondary to the procurement of the other.

To strike the nail on the head the blow must be square, then you will send it home without knocking the head off. That is our intention, and it is also the intention of the world. Some are striking one way, some another, but their sole object is to drive it home. One man uses a wooden mallet, another the hammer; thus it is with all, they are trying to promote their interests in some way, while their only desire is to strike the one object, and that is fame.

Fame ! thou brighter gem ! Princes of the earth have sought thee, casting their crowns at thy feet ; they would fain possess thee.

King Richard would have given his kingdom rather than lose the battle, that he might hold his reputation, and cried out, midst the roar of cannon, “ A horse ! a

horse! My kingdom for a horse!!” He knew what fame meant, yes; he would have been satisfied with a jackass.

Shakspeare knew what fame meant, when he said: “Who steals my purse, steals trash, ’tis something, nothing; ’t’was mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands; but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which ne’er enriches him, but makes me poor indeed.”

We see the desire of fame developed in this present struggle, while both parties contend for the mastery. The chivalric sons of the South on the one hand, and the “mudsills” of the North on the other, are contending with an iron grasp that they may establish a reputation.

It was the desire for fame, sir, that involved our nation in this difficulty, a difficulty of enormous magnitude.

Fame is the main-spring by which the time-piece of nations is kept in order; and while such men as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Franklin and Grant, while these have set such noble ex-

amples, as are recorded in history, in winding up the old clock, is there no desire, no stimulant, to exert us to keep it in running order? Yes, Mr. President, we see the desire predominating in our land. America is contending for fame; is setting a good example, and ere long will have established a more lasting reputation.

England, on the other side of the Atlantic, seems to understand the meaning of the word fame, and is building her iron clads and fortifying her harbors that she may defend it. France, on the other hand, understands it, and desired to attain a larger portion than that she possessed, but failed. Johnny Crapeau's stimulants were too strong for him, and led him to take advantage of our present difficulty, in order that he might inherit the State of Texas, and thereby establish his reputation.

Take Napoleon the first, for illustration. What prompted him, when a poor boy, to become the hero, the conqueror, the great warrior, the famous Napoleon? Was it not the desire of fame? Look at him when a

school-boy, forming his comrades into companies and exercising them in the art of war. Truly the desire of fame stimulated him at a very early age. Yes; he hit the nail on the head and used the hammer.

We see men in our day, sir, making the same efforts. Do we not see it verified in the conflict that is raging in our midst, in this once happy and glorious Republic?

Men may say, that it is not for fame we are now contending. I dispute it. True, we may be anxious to obtain a large portion of this world's goods, and are lusting after the seed of Abraham, "Greenbacks;" but is this the only object? No; the very desire for wealth, and exertions for the various offices by which they may attain this wealth, are preparatory to the precoveted object, namely, the desire of fame.

Thus, I have shown that the desire of wealth is only a preface to the obtaining of the other.

Solomon says: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Fame, then, may consist in a good name, and I contend,

that the desire of it is a greater stimulant to exertion than that of wealth.

To illustrate the argument, let us take some of our great statesmen; Washington, Jackson, Henry Clay, Webster, and others. Was it the desire of wealth that stimulated these to the exertions which they made in erecting the edifice of this noble Republic? No; a holier and purer motive inspired their breasts, the fire of patriotic zeal burned within, prompting them to a greater work, that of establishing, for themselves and country, a lasting reputation. This, sir, they have accomplished; the country is wealthy to-day, and the inhabitants of the old continent know this and are immigrating by thousands. Why? Because it bears a good report—its reputation is established.

Who will dispute then, seeing so many proofs, that fame is no stimulant to exertion? I may say, that it stimulates us to an exertion in its favor, while we contend for a decision on the one side or the other. We prove, sir, by our presence here, that we are

contending for that one object, although it may be on a small scale.

I might say, that it is the desire of fame that stimulates a large number of our officers to offer sums of money, that they may gain the title of Lieut. A., or Lieut. B., Capt. C., or Capt. D., and when having obtained the title, the desire again prompts them to get an extra bar on their shoulder straps, or an extra button on their coat tails.

King John, when they were about to cut off his famous moustache, cried: "Oh! take my head, for I've no place to put it; but my superb moustache—I pray don't cut it."

Who will contend, sir, that the desire of fame does not stimulate to exertion more than all others? Will Solomon, Shakspeare, or Benjamin Franklin? No; they speak in glowing terms of its merits. The marks that they leave behind, give no room for disputation. Take the latter gentleman for an example; see him working his way

to the exalted position in which he was placed. Look at him when a boy, toiling in the office of his brother, that he might become a printer. But the desire of fame still urged him on, until he became one of our most accomplished statesmen. I need not recount the works of a Franklin, nor of a Shakspeare, for they are cherished within the breasts of every lover of genius and history.

There are thousands of witnesses that I might mention to establish my argument, but I need not recall them. History portrays their deeds of heroism and worth. They were men in every sense. It was not gold that made them so. A good reputation makes men, and the want of it the fellow.

I have endeavored to show, that the desire of fame is a greater stimulant to exertion than that of wealth ; although I may have used the mallet in driving the nail, yet I trust that I have lent some assistance to the other workmen ; and if I have not knocked the head off, then I shall be satisfied.



FELLOW SUFFERERS,—To you I would address a few words of consolation, although that which I may say will not suffice to console you for the irreparable losses you sustained in defense of your country.

§ In the first place I would remark, that you have come through all the trials and hardships to which you were subjected, stainless, except that which the bullet of the enemy left in your bodies, a stain that will never be imputed to you as a disgrace ; but, on the other hand, you may have reason to be proud of, I may say, such honorable scars as those received—

Amid blood and carnage wild,  
When for liberty you toiled ;  
When the cannon loud did roar  
On the field of crimson gore.

Be not discouraged, my fellow-sufferers, when thus afflicted ; you will yet become triumphant, and though you may render no more service to your country in this her hour of need, yet, by the example you have shown, for which none can impeach you with cowardice, you will at the end arise victorious.

No doubt you grieve for the loss sustained, but never, I trust, regret the indomitable service rendered, by which you lost a precious limb, by which health may be impaired.

You may be deprived of joining in the sports and festivities of which you were once partakers: but, notwithstanding all this, there are other means by which the human mind can be entertained, and a provision made for all our wants; this kind Providence has wisely set apart for the purpose of supplying the deficiencies incurred in restoring peace to our once happy and prosperous country. He is able to supply all our wants and necessities; therefore, my suffering friends, you need not fear, for the injunction is given—

To the weary, heavy laden,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
He is able, He is willing,  
Doubt no more.

Many of you have wealthy relations, from whom you derive support; to such I would say, “you have reason to be thankful.”

Others there are who have but few of the pecuniary blessings, and to those I would say, "be thankful also;" with you I can sympathize.

Many of you have a wife, a sister, for whom you have braved the dangers of the battle, and for their protection encountered numerous difficulties; such I honor and respect. Show me the individual who would not say "you've done well," and I at once come to the conclusion that he or she is void of patriotism. From such, the country need not expect support, and I am sorry to say there are some who give no encouragement, but on the other hand, condemn you as a pauper, and would cast you away as the scum and dross of society. From these, I say, you derive no succor; but let them consider for a moment. Have you encountered the trials and dangers of a soldier's life for naught? Have you left home and friends for such, and receive no recompense? Have you, when our country called to arms the brave and true, gone forth at its call, to receive no friendly greet-

ings? Have you left your workshops and mechanical institutions for the mere love of self? I answer, no, a brighter and purer motive inspired your breasts, until the fire of patriotic zeal burned within, promptly bidding you go fight in defense of your country, its laws, its institutions, and a liberty-loving people. Who then shall impeach you with cowardice, will say you've done wrong, that you have fought in a wrong cause? None; you leave no room for such an impeachment. You leave no stain that might be imputed to you.

If you had stayed at home, and said, "let others fight my country's battles, what need is there that I should interest myself about it?" then you would be entitled to these impeachments. Therefore, I say, you have come through the conflict stainless; you hearkened to the voice of justice at the proper hour and at the desired time.

You stayed not for questions while freedom stood gasping,  
Nor waited till honor lay wrapped in its pall;  
Brief were the lips meeting, swift the hands clasping,  
Off for the war was enough for you all.

Yes, by your noble efforts, the country will be saved. Can you ever forget the day you parted from loved ones at home, when that solemn but impressive word, "farewell," was uttered by a mother, a sister, or younger brothers? Can you forget the solemn warning imparted by that mother, who watched with a tearful eye the footsteps of her son, as he wended his way to the steamboat or railroad car? The answer comes home to yourself, "I never can."

I never shall forget the day  
When parental joys were sundered—  
When mother, with a tearful eye,  
My boyhood days had numbered.

In conclusion, let me say, that you have faithfully discharged the duty incumbent upon you, faithfully responded to your country's call, cheerfully bore the fatigue of long marches, and under every circumstance, faithfully performed the work assigned to you, for which you are entitled to the thanks of a free and liberty-loving community.

Once more—I cannot conclude without

saying a few words by way of an appeal to the reader, if he be a young man, and has any doubts concerning how this war will end, or whether it will end at all. But, my young friend, you and I know that it must end some time, and if you will only buckle on the armor, as I have done, there can be no doubt as to its speedy termination. Cast aside that which binds you to home and friends.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you—  
Hark ! 'tis the bugle blast, sabres are drawn ;  
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,  
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone.

Men, now-a-days, esteem their services of too much importance, and think that their country is under an obligation to them ; though it should pay a thousand dollars' bounty for the protection of their own homes and firesides, that they are bound by reason of justice and humanity to fight for.

But life is too precious to sacrifice for a country that has nourished and cherished them, as a mother would her tender charge.

They ask, "Why allow the country to be plunged into war?" James Buchanan could better answer that question, but would rather decline. That simple-minded old bachelor, while filling his pockets and playing with his pet-kittens, allowed the country to go to ruin; whereas this destructive rebellion might have been averted, if he had not been attending to his self-interests. He knew, having held the reins of government, that this country would be thrown into civil war—that at the outburst it might have been blown to atoms, had he used his cannon, as the people expected that it should be used. But I am sorry to say, he never fired anything but blank cartridges. He never fired a single solid shot during his administration. There was no solidity in him. Now he is gone out, leaving another to build and cement the shattered walls of a once happy and glorious republic. His name, at this day, is nothing but a blot, and his history will be that of blackness.

Ah! we placed the wrong cannon on our ramparts, for it always missed fire. It was

only a smooth boar (bore). But, as the Jews said of old, we have Abraham to our father, and, being an honest patriarch, have placed him in the Presidential chair to guide the old ship of state, and drag it off the accursed sand-bar, on which an inexperienced pilot has driven it. Uncle Abe has kept his powder dry so far, and has fired some very big guns. The Emancipation Proclamation, which I am about to discuss, was one of them. They vary in color, too; some are white, some black, and others of a brown color.

It does not make any difference, however, if the arm is only strong and sinewy, that is what we want—treason must not go unpunished. The banner of stars shall yet wave over the stars and bars; events that are transpiring in our midst prove it.

Thus will we triumph, when the Star-spangled Banner doth wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Debate third.

*Resolved*, That the Emancipation Proclamation was inexpedient.

MR. PRESIDENT,—The question proposed for discussion is one that has interested the minds of the American people, and will continue to create various opinions on the subject, until it is fully solved. Thus we meet here this evening to discuss that very important point, viz., the inexpediency of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Before I begin my argument, it may be necessary for us to know what the word “inexpedient” means, in order to find out wherein the blemish lies.

The word means simply this, “that which does not tend to a good end, unfit, improper, unsuitable to time and place. Shall I say that it was inexpedient? Shall I say that no good originated from it, that it was unsuitable to time and place, that it was improper, unfit to be issued, and put forth at an unsuitable time? In other words, shall I condemn the President for the indomitable

good produced by so wise, so judicious an undertaking? No! not if I know myself. I cannot condemn that which was just and upright, that which will be a lasting good to the American people and to mankind in general.

What good has it accomplished? Let us see. Of those who were slaves at the outbreak of this rebellion, full two hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, and one hundred thousand of these actually bear arms in our country's defense, thus giving the advantage of taking so much labor from the rebellious States, and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. Was it improper? Let us see. A father puts in the hands of his son a pistol, and tells him to shoot at a target; the boy does so, but in his endeavor to fire it off, the father sees that he is liable to shoot himself and others, and takes the weapon from him. Thus it is with the mock Confederacy; seeing that it was likely to do a great deal of injury, we must wrest the weapon from its

hands—we must take this power away, and lay it aside, that they may not get hold of it, for, if they should come to possess it again, they would certainly do a great deal of injury.

Was it improper that we should do this? No! If it is not improper to confiscate the property of your enemy for public use—and I believe that is the rule of warfare—you can also take the slaves, and make use of them in the army, or elsewhere, for they were the strong arm of the Confederacy. Was it inexpedient at the time it was issued? No! There could not be a more expedient one, since it tends to the termination of this gigantic rebellion—since it draws the substance from the bone, leaving it to be filled up with other matter. My opponents may argue, that it stimulates the South to a greater exertion in retaining their slave property. No doubt it does; but while they are doing this, they lessen their strength, which might otherwise be employed in filling up the ranks of their army. The slave, on the other hand, knowing that

he was proclaimed free, will no doubt exert himself in endeavoring to run away. Thus, the time and money of his master is spent in vainly endeavoring to arrest him, which might otherwise be expended in lending assistance in the field.

Give them slavery, sir, and you give them riches, power; they are better adapted to war against you; in other words, you are giving the master a rod to punish yourself. Take these things away, and their power is lessened; they are not so fully prepared to punish you. You break the rod in twain. Was it not, therefore, expedient that this should be done when treason was rife in the land? There is not an American to-day, or an adopted one, who would not say that the President's plan was a wise, just, and patriotic one. Therefore, it must be expedient.

For a series of years prior to this war, the South had much cause of complaint, but none for rebellion; and for such, every honest man will condemn their treasonable course. In the annals of history, or of the world, a more causeless rebellion never

darkened any nation. Was it inexpedient, then, that the proclamation should be issued, and at a time, too, when justice, liberty, humanity, and the preservation of our national honor demanded it? If it was, then I say, give up the ship. Let slavery pilot it. Give the South the helm; do this, and you will run into the icebergs of destruction. You would find, after a short anchor in the harbor, that the vessel would be trimmed, her sails set once more, her prow pointing forward, to hurl you against the breakers that have already proved so destructive to you and country.

Slavery has been the turmoil, the agitator, and disturber of this continent. It has been the incursion of the American people. It has brought destruction upon its own head. It has destroyed our peace and happiness. It has brought about this present difficulty—one of enormous magnitude—a difficulty that has brought grief home to the hearts of many families. It has left numerous orphans and widows. It has caused the loss of health, life and limb, and

having brought about such miseries as these, was it not expedient that it should be eradicated? Yes. The many sufferers of our fellow-men will concur with me, that the proclamation issued in September, 1862, was conducing to the public interests of our country. Did the President, sir, not sift the matter thoroughly before he undertook it, and offer a proposition to the South before he put it in force? But they would not comply. The modern Pharaoh's heart was hardened—he chose death rather than life. But the Patriarch Abraham, weighing well the results, and studying the country's interests, issues his Bull of Emancipation, saying: "Let my children go." But they would not. They could not destroy the foundation of all their hopes. They said: "We want them to build batteries, cast our shot and shell, to dig entrenchments, to till the soil, while the white man fights our battles. We must not part with them, or our cause would be lost." Yes, they knew that, and father Abraham knew it too. Was such a proclamation as this inexpedient?

At the outbreak of this rebellion, it was declared by the Southern chivalry, that Cotton was King. Why did they place such strong dependence in that king? Because slavery was the crown which he wore; it was the throne on which he sat; it was the foundation on which that throne was built. King Cotton, then, having so many attributes, it was deemed the nations of Europe would do him homage. But they now find their mistake. King Cotton has been dethroned; his crown has faded; his throne is crumbling to dust. This great earthquake that has disturbed you and I, has shaken his foundation. The Lincoln gun, fired in January, 1863, has taken away his breath—has taken his strength away—poor King Cotton is dead! who will restore him to life? England and France tried it before life was almost extinct, but found it was of no use. Shall we, then, mourn his loss? No! Bring forth the timbrel—shout the glad tidings. Let us make merry, for he who sought the life of the young republic, is no more.

Nor can men say that the proclamation was unconstitutional, for Secession was the overthrow of the Constitution. If I take my brother into partnership, and we bind ourselves by an agreement to assist and study each others' interests, has he a right to go to the safe and take all the money out without my consent, or contract debts, in my name, leaving me to pay them? I think it would be very unjust. He should first consult his partner; if he felt aggrieved, then we might adjust our affairs to the satisfaction of both parties. He does not do this, but robs me of everything I had. I am bankrupt. He might as well set fire to my house. Thus stood the Constitution. They would not keep it inviolate; they robbed our treasury, contracted debts, and left us to pay them—we became bankrupt. Have we not a right, therefore, to avenge our wrongs, to have this property restored, no matter whether in the shape of money or negroes—for they are money—they are the property of our enemies? Should we not, then, weaken them at every point? Yes,



if it is proper to take his sheep or his oxen, his cows or his corn, we have also a right to take his negroes, for they are property. If we have a right to make a breach in the walls of his fortress, we have also a right to make a breach in his nigger. Having endeavored to solve the question, sir, the only decision that I can arrive at, is, that it was not inexpedient; that it tends more to the good of the nation than the clash of arms; it is the destruction of the Confederacy, whose corner-stone and boast was slavery. That the proclamation, sir, has a tendency to promote the interests of our nation, no one can dispute. That it has set a noble example to other powers, no one need deny.

Having thus shown the happy results which have originated from it, and those that will subsequently follow, I trust, therefore, that you will decide in favor of the negative.

THE SOLDIER THINKS OF THE LOVED  
AT HOME.

He thinks of the loved ones at home,  
When walking his lonely beat ;  
And at the silent hour of night  
He dreams of home so sweet :  
He hears the well known voice of her  
That was his only joy,  
Who with solace sweet, comforts still  
Her soldier's infant boy.

He thinks of the loved ones at home—  
The thought still cheers him on ;  
At morn he hears the bugle's blast,  
And wakes at reveille drum :  
'Tis duty that calls him to arms—  
That bids him quickly obey,  
Its voice he has heard when at home,  
'Tis that he now hears when away.

He thinks of the loved ones at home,<sup>1</sup>  
And the friends he loved so dear,  
The fond recollection of these  
Oft causes the falling tear :  
When battling for Country and Right,  
He fears not death's alarms,  
For the thought of the loved at home  
Brings naught to him but charms.

J. R. BURNS

## DEFEND THE RIGHT.

DEFEND the right, defend the right,  
Ye men of noble fame,  
And by your courage and your might  
Defend this noble frame.  
Go battle for the right, brave boys—  
Heed not what traitors say ;  
Boldly cling to the right, brave boys,  
And you will win the day.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Ye patriots bold and true ;  
Your country calls you to the fight—  
Your country calls on you.  
Columbia, and Columbia's laws,  
Defend with might and main ;  
Yours is the holiest, noblest cause—  
A nation's rights sustain.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Saith your sires from their graves ;  
Defend the right, defend the right—  
Your children will be slaves !  
And you, young heroes, battle too,  
With noble hearts and brave,  
For the land which you inherit,  
Is yours alone to save.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Sweethearts and sisters dear,  
And urge your lovers, brothers on,  
Their weary hearts to cheer :  
Inspire them with true zeal and love,  
When they for Country fight,  
And pray that they may victors be  
In battling for the right.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Bold Erin's sons of Mars,  
Who aid us in our just defense  
Of the old "Stripes and Stars."  
You, who have fought for Liberty,  
When by wrongs oppressed ;  
Americans, will you assist  
To have those wrongs redressed ?

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Ye men of England's Isle ;  
Too long you have leagued with treason  
To drive us from our soil :  
But battle for the Right, John Bull,  
Then you'll not rue the day,  
You rouse the Eagle from its nest  
In North America.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
All you who love the laws,  
And battle for a Nation's rights  
In Freedom's holy cause.

Defend your homes, your honor too,  
While strength to you is given,  
Until the foe, who Right assails,  
Is to subjection driven.

Defend the right, defend the right,  
Let all true men combine  
To aid the right with all their might,  
And hail the glorious time  
When we shall live in peace and love,  
And know no war or strife ;  
When Freedom in its father's God  
Proclaims, Defend the Right !

JAMES E. BURNS.





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